

Brutes and Aliens war vs Marines

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Summary: The aliens are the aliens for Alien vs. predator. Hope ya love it

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Halo 3 war: Brutes and Aliens

In the year 2010 the year of the Olympics in Vancouver, the mysterious Spartan 117 and the Arbiter had come down from the aircraft Pelican-668 with a platoon of marines and elites. But they didn't know they were being followed. There mysterious followers were the Brutes and the Aliens. These Aliens weren't ordinary. They were those freaky ass things from predator vs. Alien and they had teamed up with the Brutes to seek revenge against the Arbiter and Masterchief. They had before nuked up the Brute's noble ally: The Aliens. Their ship was loaded with satchel charges and some other explosives unknown to mankind those explosives were Elite explosives. The satchels were remote detonated but there were no wires so the creepy creatures wouldn't find out what was going on or what the explosives were. The Masterchief had gone to their home planet ANTIFAGSICLE. They had put a mini nuke in the castle and all around it. They had never suspected that the castle would blow up put one of the aliens had found a box of Cuban cigars on the ground. And the retarded alien got really addicted to them. The cigars were actually the detonator for the nukes and the whole place has gone in a blink of the Alien's eye.

The Aliens were now on a hunt for who had nuked up their castle. They had contacted the Brute leader. The Brute leader had known automatically that the thing responsible for the explosion was the US marines. The Brutes had known where those fowl people were. They had been there. They had blown up the Whitehouse and just laughed. They laughed there Brute laugh but they still had gotten away with it. But when the Pelican had landed on Earth, they had seen another ship right behind them. They thought that the ship was human but as it got closer, the ship had been Brute with marine vandalism. It read "Aliens are FAG and RETARDS!" and when the marines they had seen

there spray paint, they all grabbed RPG's and shot. There were a number of hits and some misses. It was almost like their ship was immune. But in a second or two later, the ship was plummeting to the ground almost like something had caused a huge explosion. But that wasn't the case. The ship had just nose dived to look like they actually crashed or been hit major. When the Pelican aircraft saw the enemy aircraft dive, they went after it. The Arbiter had thought that an ideal target for those fowl creatures was the Olympics.

"Masterchief, the alien creatures and hairy Brutes may be going to the Olympics in Vancouver", said the Arbiter. Masterchief had thought for a minute, he had thought that the creatures were some what weak. Their weakness was that if they had been shot specifically by police forces, SWAT forces or the army, they would quiver or even in some cases been suicidal. Those huge headed freaks are hard to kill and harder to wound. They have metal armor thick enough to deflect a bullet.

"When you see those Aliens, open fire. Shoot for headshots or neck shots. For sure some 2 or 10 shots should down one of those monsters", Masterchief said, " You are considered to aim for the head with an RPG, Sniper rifle, Battle rifle, Assault rifle, SMG, Pistol, Energy sword and other weapons". When the pelican Drop ship landed, The Aliens/Brutes hadn't landed they were still coming down. They were going at like 7km an hour and still moving. It what like they paused or there engine failed. When they came down, Masterchief was wielding the mysterious Spartan Laser. That specific laser could blow up virtually anything. Right before the ship landed the side ports open but nothing was there. After two minutes passed the creatures weren't coming out. Masterchief took aim. The laser shot out a dark red and shined on the target on that bleak Monday morn. The five-ten second delay on the laser is to help aim and increase the tension. The laser had gone off the ship had a deep gash in the starboard side of the aircraft. The Brutes and Aliens bursted out. It was like they were ready for the explosion. The Arbiter had quickly gone towards the front of the ship in stealth mode. When they got to the glass cockpit, the oracle was in there. He was shining a bleak red like he was pissed off. They had retreated back to the Pelican. All the Brutes had guns or some sort of laser unlike the Spartan laser. The Aliens had no guns. They just had claws and a sharp tail for impaling and slashing. Masterchief took aim again this time with dual SMG's. And he had deadly, DEADLY!!!! Aim. After he tipped over one Alien and one Brute, The rest of the Marines and Elites shot.

"We need air support", yelled one marine, "Pelican flight-779 do you read? Platoon-668 needs air support"! There was no answer but in 10 minutes Pelican flight-779 was in sight and shooting the hell out of the weapons on that magnificent aircraft/platoon transport vehicle. The Aliens slowly depleted but it was like the Brutes kept regenerating. That's when all the marines and some elites had Spartans lasers, they all took aim, they had blown up the Brute aircraft and then the supply of the Brute medics and other soldiers had stopped coming. Now they had equal forces. The graphic battle lasted for 2 hours and now all the Aliens were dead but now the Brutes still had a good 10-20 soldiers on the field getting killed faster and faster. Some marines were told to retreat to the hills to snipe out the Brute forces. After the last marine got to the hills, He had seen another platoon of Aliens. Just Aliens. They were about 100km away. He had radioed Masterchief and told him that more Aliens

were on the way. There was one wounded Alien on the field hiding behind the ship. The Arbiter had went and shot him. He had a radio and luckily The Arbiter knew how to speak Alien but he thought hmm maybe we should shoot don the other ship. Mastercheif was ahead of him he had already equipped his marines with RPG's or Spartans lasers and aimed at the aircraft. No marines missed when they shot. The Alien aircraft was plummeting to the ground at the speeds of 100km and hour and speeding out this time it wasn't a fake dive. The platoon had mounted up on the pelican and bursted over to the crash site. This time this crash was real and there were no survivors. The Mastercheif and Arbiter checked the site thoroughly and then soon left the crash site.

This battle was held in the Prairie in-between Alberta and Saskatchewan.

End
file.